

MASTERS IN ART

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PART 19

JULY, 1901

VOLUME 2

Burne-Jones

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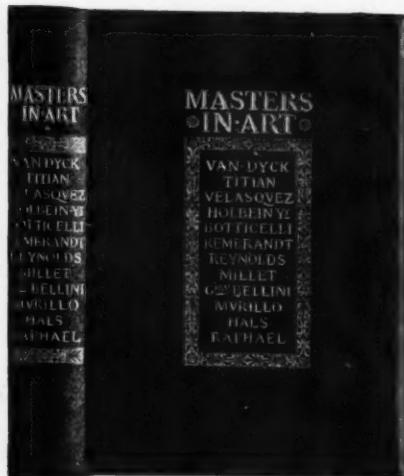
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Burne-Jones

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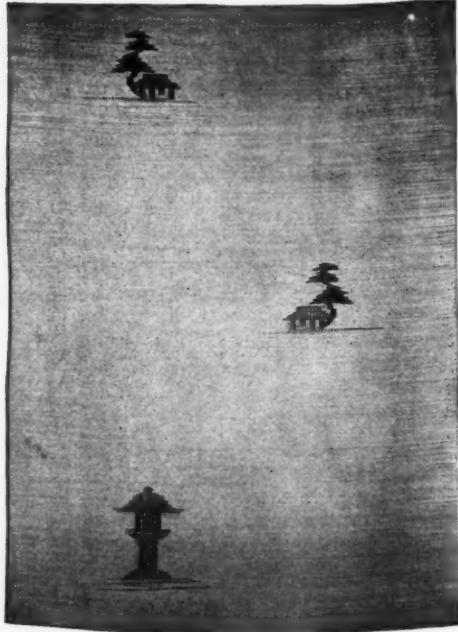
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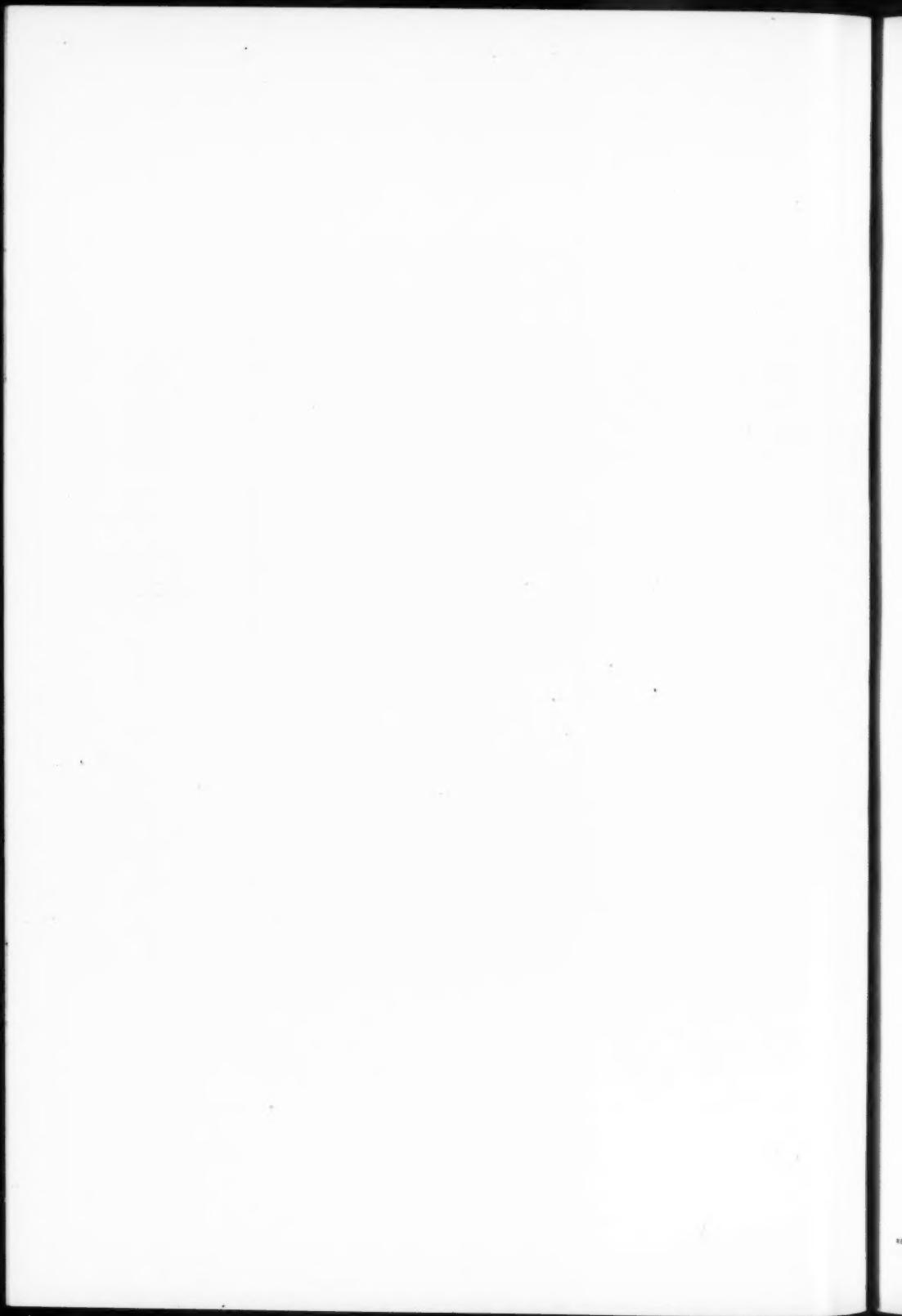


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM 'THE WORK OF BURNE-JONES'
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BURNE-JONES

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGER-MAID
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



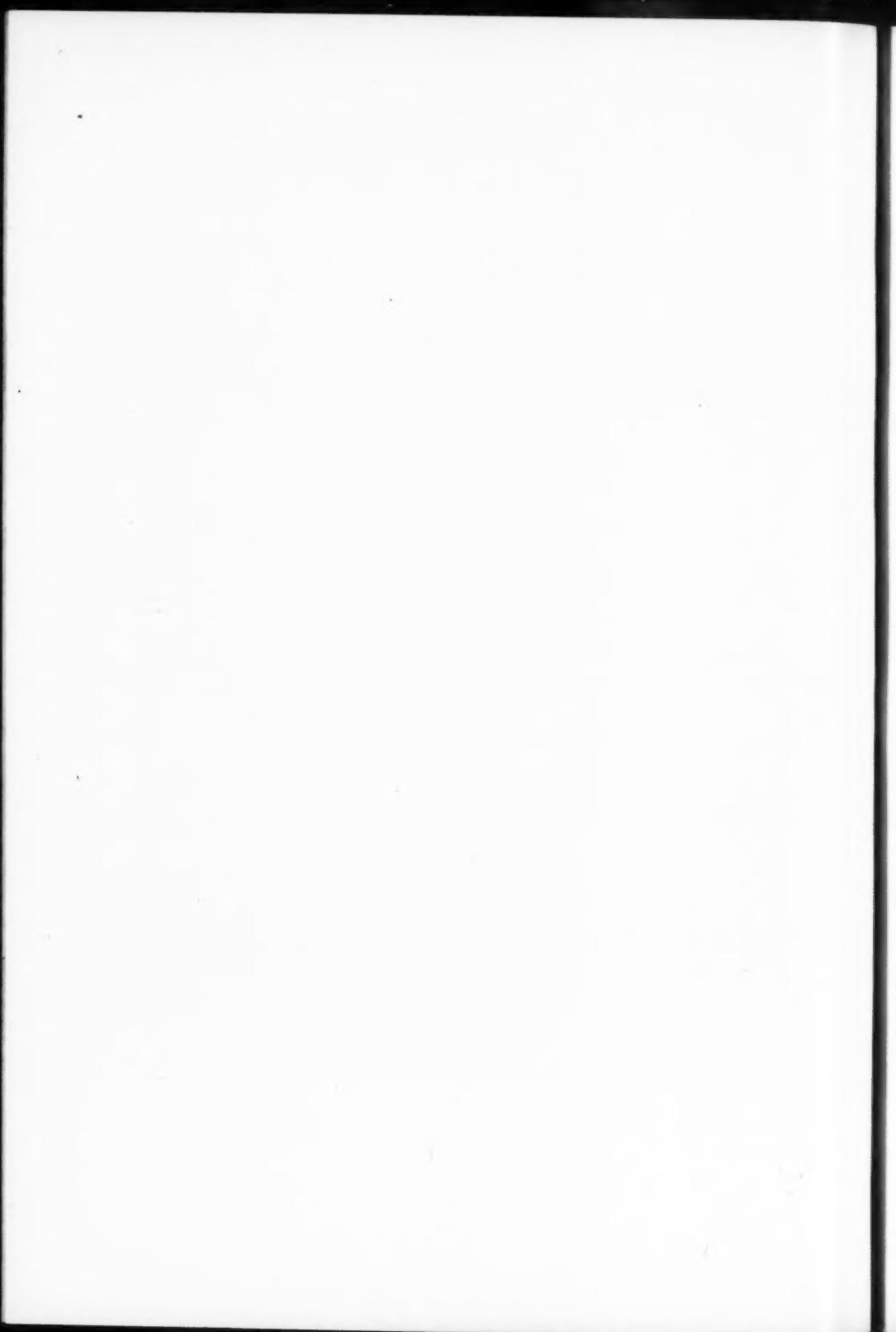


MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

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BURNE-JONES

PAN AND PSYCHE
OWNED BY MRS. R. H. BENSON



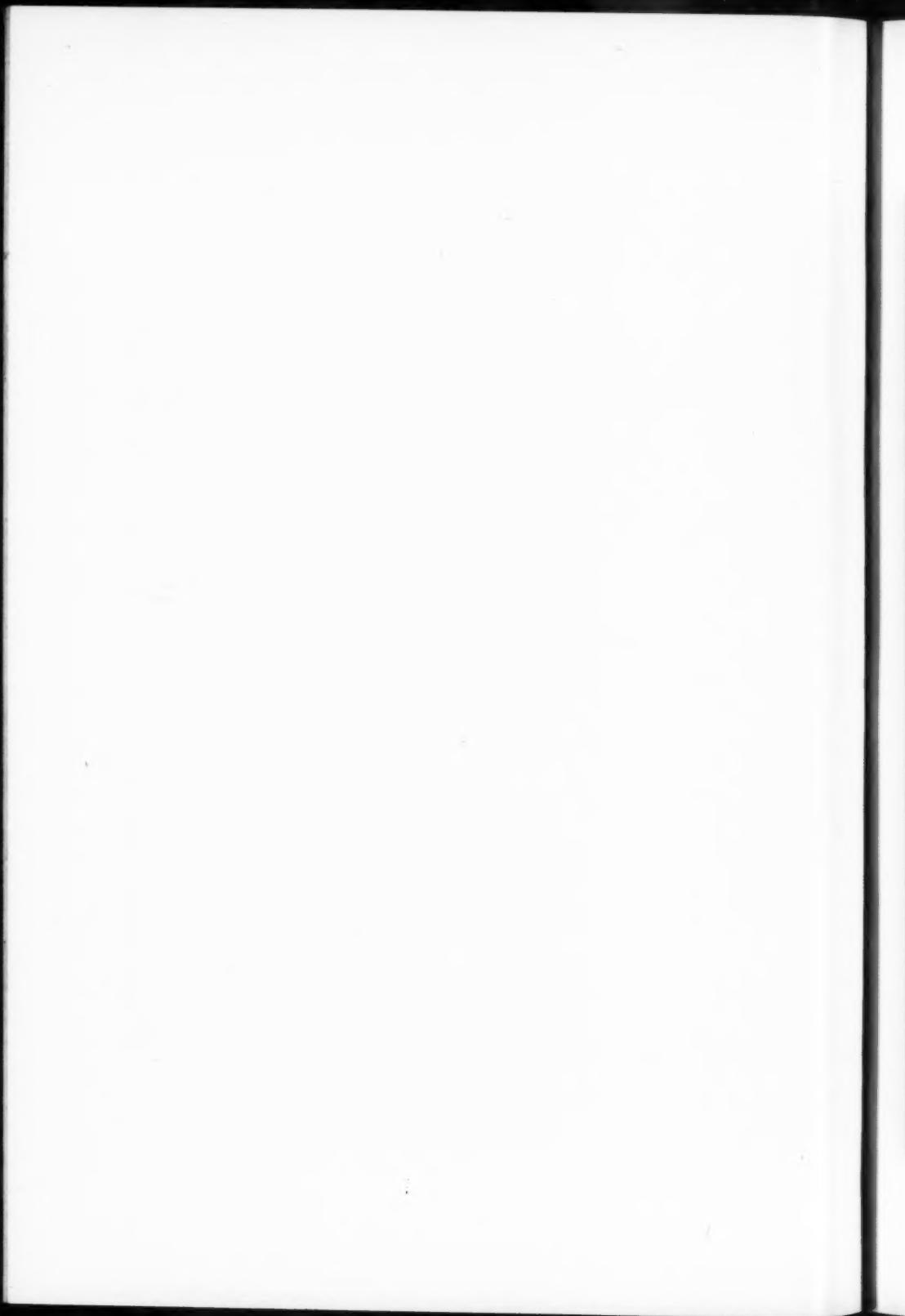


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BURNE-JONES

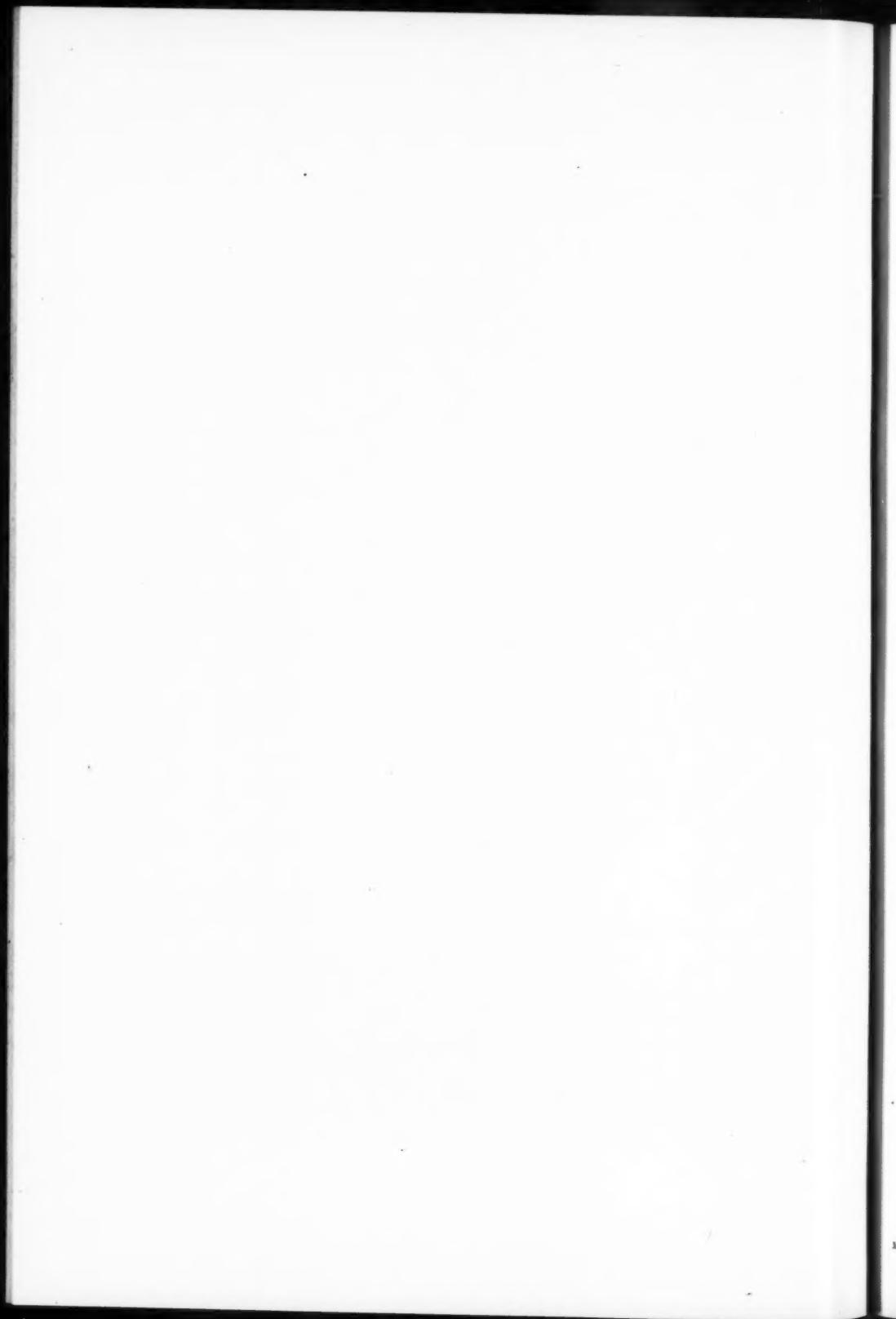
THE DAYS OF CREATION — FIRST DAY AND SIXTH DAY
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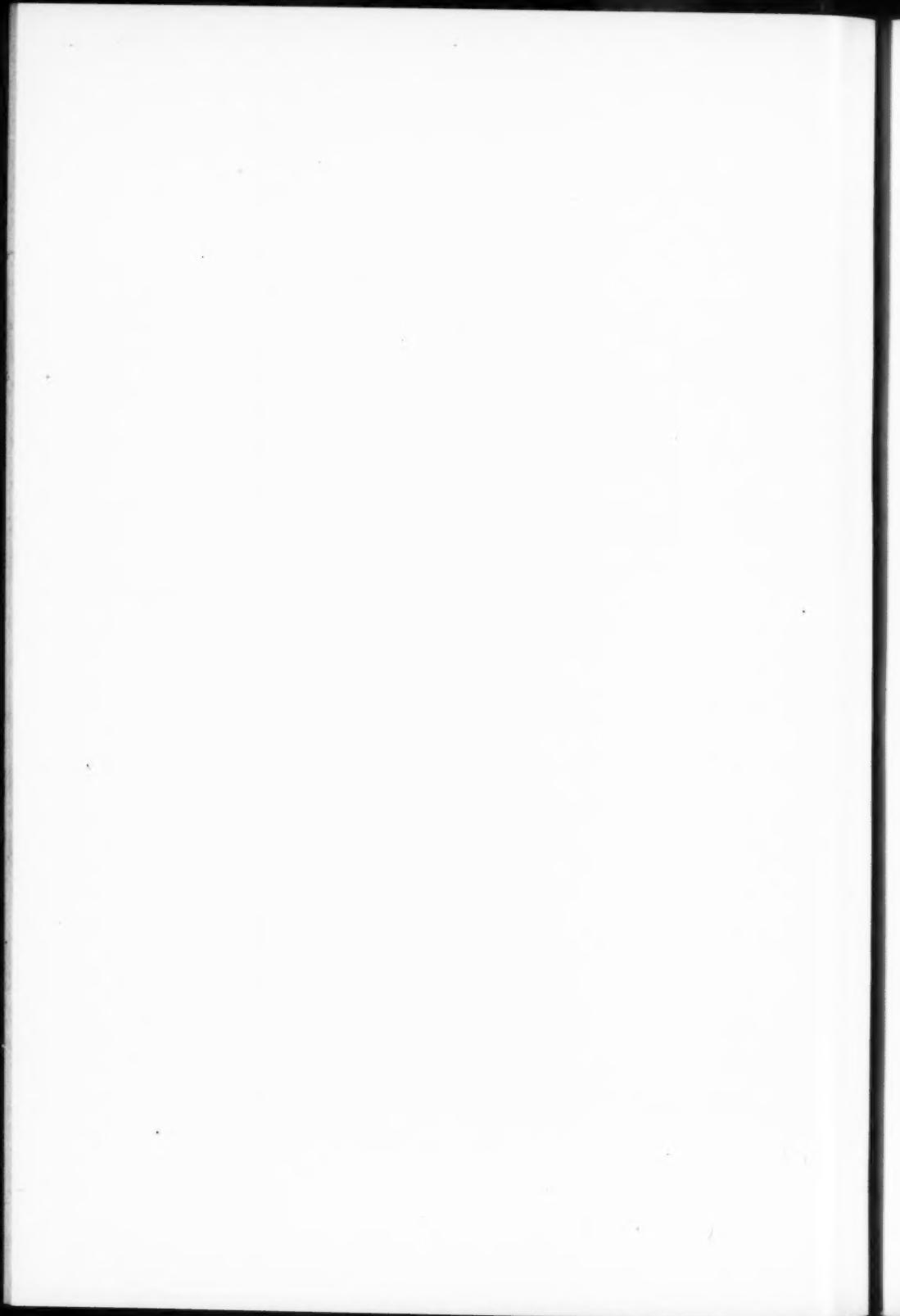
BURNE-JONES
LAUS VENERIS
OWNED BY SIR WILLIAM AGNEW





MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
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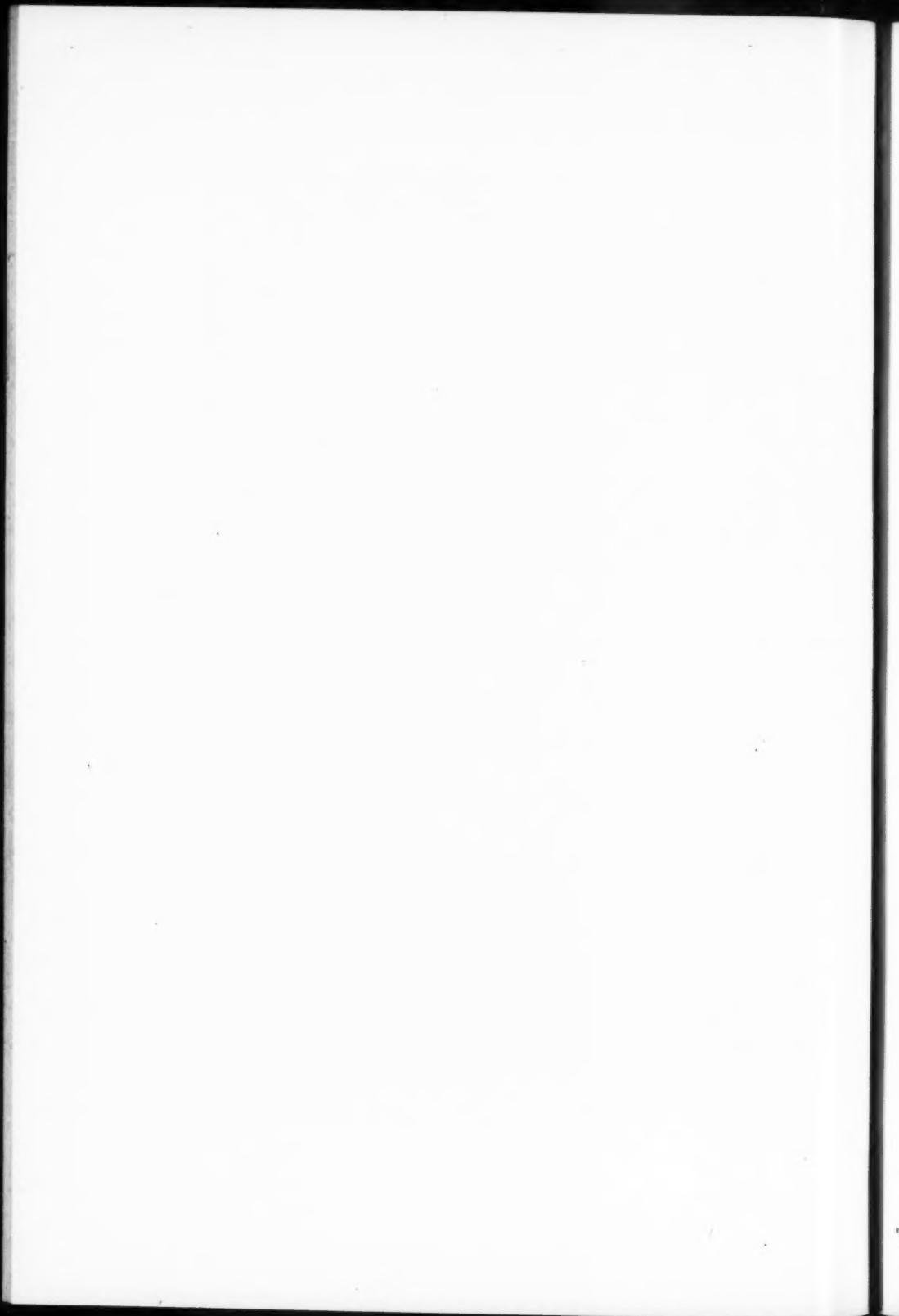
BURNE-JONES
THE GOLDEN STAIRS
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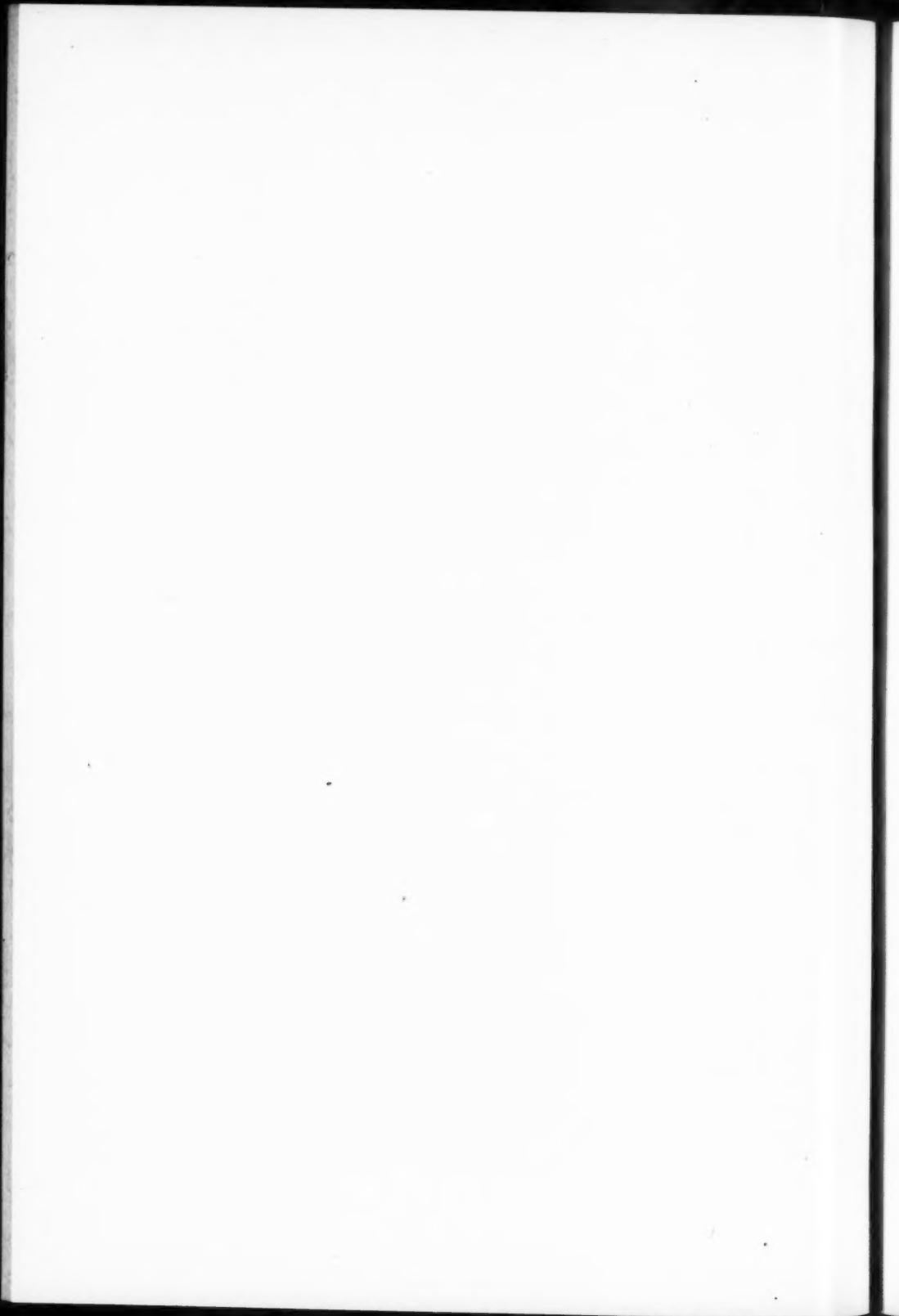
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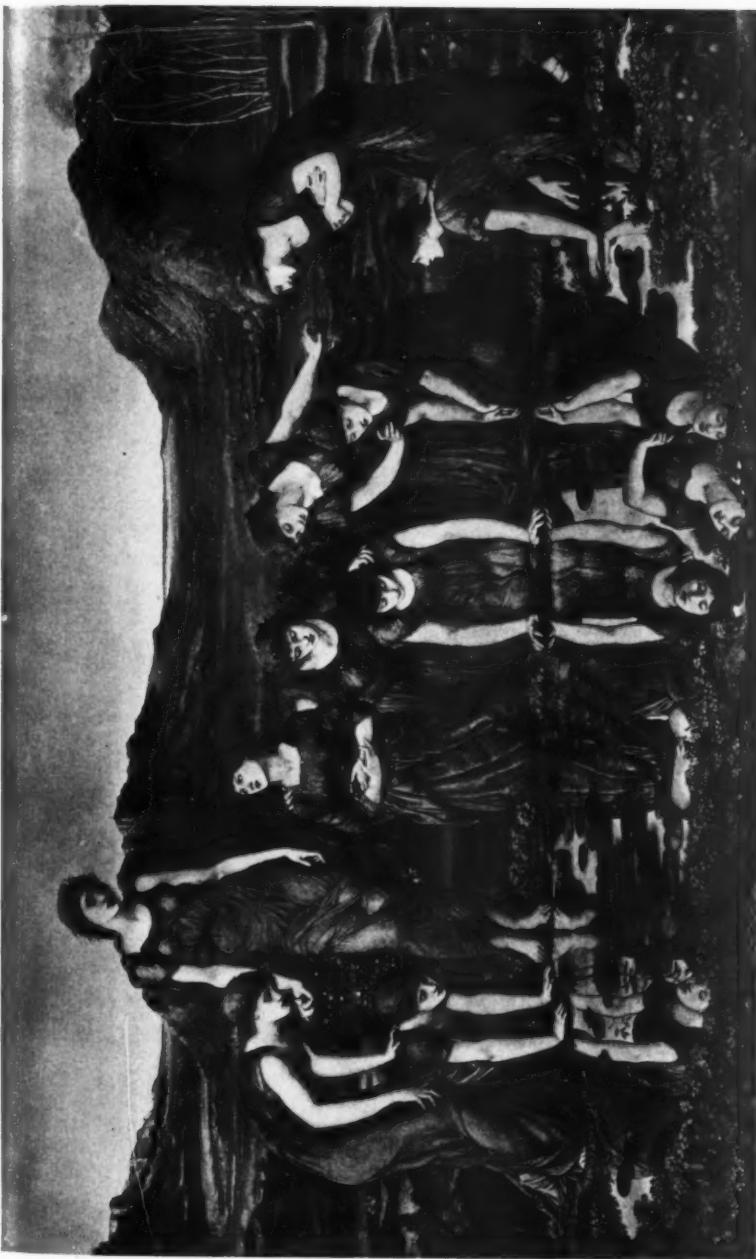




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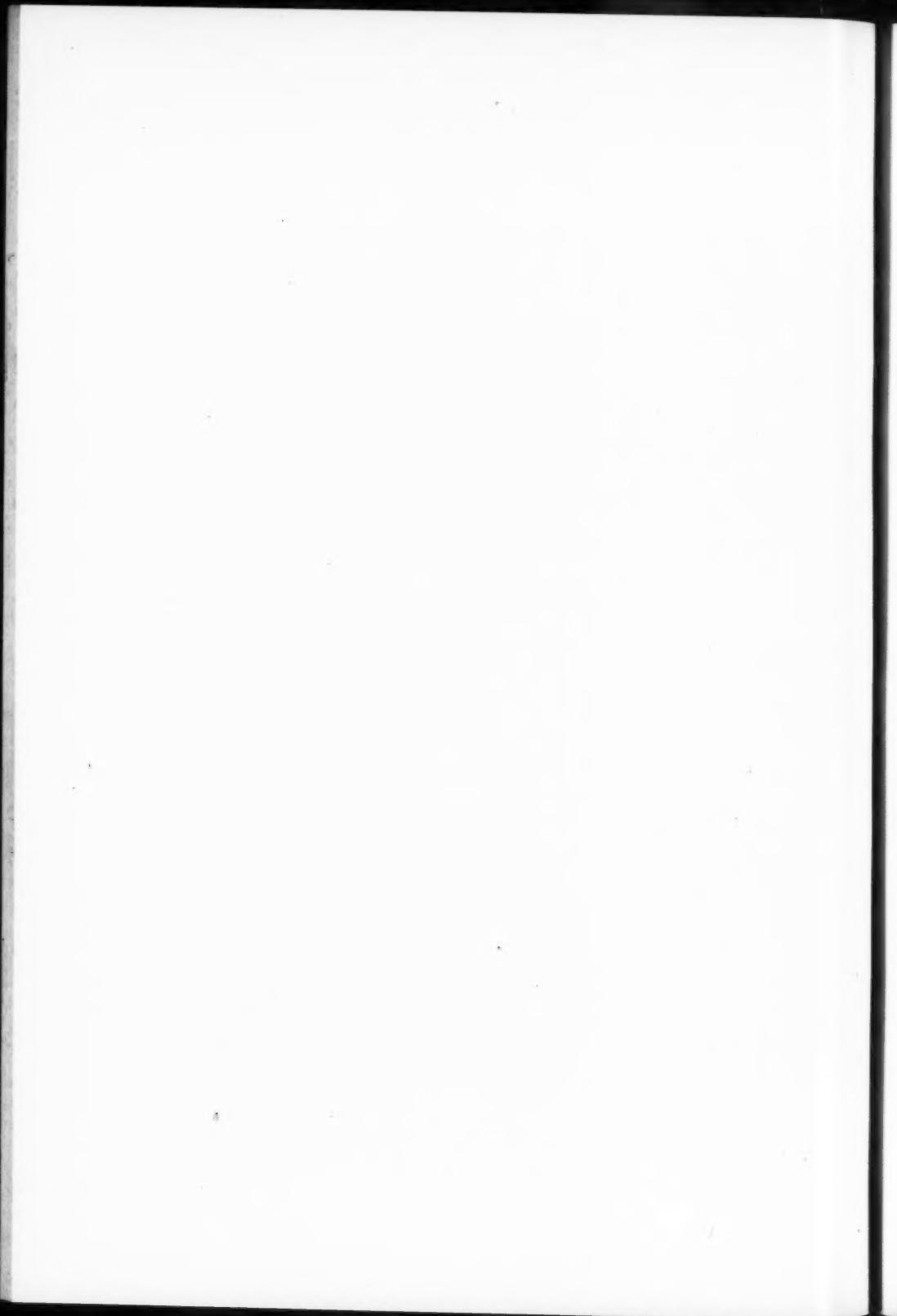
BURNE-JONES
THE PRIORRESS' TALE
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BURNE-JONES
THE MIRROR OF VENUS
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BURNE-JONES
LE CHANT D'AMOUR
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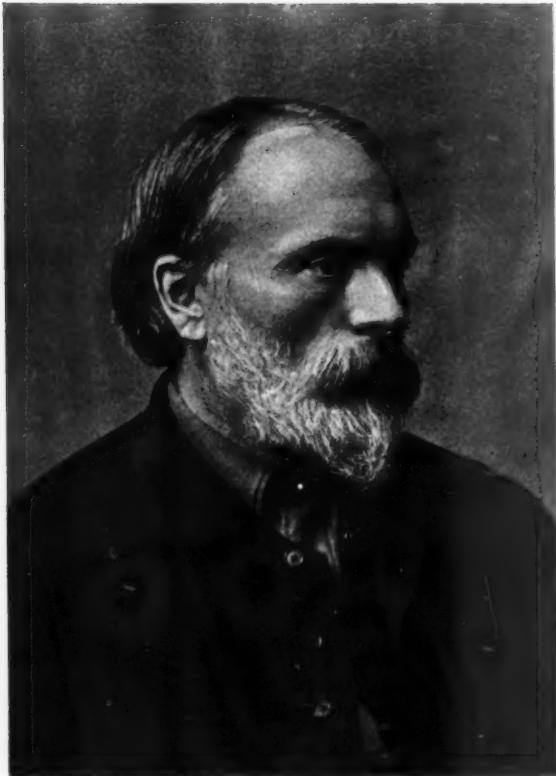
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BURNE-JONES

THE ANNUNCIATION

OWNED BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE



PORTRAIT OF BURNE-JONES PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON

Burne-Jones was frail of physique ; his countenance is described as being delightfully gentle, humorous, and calm ; his manner of speaking as quiet and simple ; and his voice as unusually melodious.

Edward Burne-Jones

BORN 1833: DIED 1898
ENGLISH SCHOOL

QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOLUME 188 (1898)

EDWARD BURNE-JONES was born in a small house in one of the back streets of Birmingham, England, on August 28, 1833. His mother died at his birth, and his only sister in early infancy. His father, a small tradesman who made picture-frames and sold stationery, was of Welsh descent. A man of deep and simple piety, but strict and rigid in his ideas, he tabooed story-books and poetry, and for many years only allowed his son to read 'Sandford and Merton,' 'Evenings at Home,' and *Aesop's Fables*, which last was the boy's favorite because of the prints that it contained. No one ever more literally hungered and thirsted after beauty than did the lonely child in his dreary home in the grimy streets of Birmingham. Often he would stand for hours before the booksellers' shops, longing to read the books which he saw in the windows, and envying the lucky shopmen who stood behind the counter. Until he was twenty-three he never saw a good picture. Fortunately, his father had a strong wish to see his son a clergyman of the Church of England, and with this intention sent him, when eleven years old, to King Edward's School as a day-scholar. There he read the Greek and Latin poets with delight, but made few friends, and found his chief pleasure in books.

At the age of nineteen the youth won an exhibition at Exeter College and went up to Oxford. There, on the first day of the term, he met another young freshman of Welsh birth, William Morris, and the face of things suddenly changed. The same dreams and aspirations, the same deep-rooted sense of the ugliness and monotony of the present, the same common love of the past, drew the two young undergraduates together and laid the foundations of a life-long friendship. Together they read Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' together they pondered over that other book which was destined to have an even greater influence upon their future, Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur.' And then Burne-Jones saw Dante Gabriel Rossetti's little wood-cut of the 'Maids of Elfinmere' and the water-color of 'Dante drawing Beatrice's Picture,' and a new dream sprang up in his breast. Here was

a man who did all that he himself longed to do, and was actually living in the present time. From that moment Burne-Jones determined to be a painter.

In the Christmas vacation of 1855 he went to London, and at the Working Men's College met Rossetti, who quickly recognized the rare imaginative gifts of the untaught lad, and urged him to leave Oxford without delay, and devote himself to the serious study of art. Accordingly, Burne-Jones left Oxford without taking his degree, and early in 1856 settled in London, to learn drawing and to profit by his new friend's advice. He applied himself with undaunted courage and resolution to master the technical side of his art, and began, somewhat late in life, to learn the rudiments of drawing.

During the summer of 1856 Morris followed his friend to London, and settled with Burne-Jones in lodgings in Red Lion Square, where he devoted himself to painting and poetry. Both lived in daily companionship with Rossetti, who warmly expressed his admiration of Morris's poetry and of Burne-Jones's designs, which last he declared to be equal to Albrecht Dürer's finest work. Burne-Jones, on his part, always retained the most passionate admiration for Rossetti; and to the end of his life was never tired of recalling his friend's boundless generosity and the extraordinary force of his personality.

Meanwhile Rossetti exerted himself to procure remunerative work for the struggling young artist. Ruskin, who was from the first profoundly impressed with Burne-Jones's genius, bought some of his early drawings and gave him further orders. In 1857 he designed his first stained-glass windows for the chapel of Bradfield College, and during the long vacation accompanied Rossetti on his memorable expedition to Oxford, where the latter had agreed to decorate the hall of the Oxford Union with tempera paintings. Morris undertook to paint the roof, while Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and four other artists were to adorn the walls, with subjects from Malory's '*Morte d'Arthur*' Unfortunately, however, these enthusiastic young painters were ignorant of the simplest methods of mural painting. Before the work was finished the surface began to peel off in flakes, and at the present time has almost entirely disappeared.

In the autumn of 1859 Burne-Jones made his first journey to Italy, and visited Florence, Pisa, Siena, and other cities; and in 1862 he paid a second visit to that country with Mr. Ruskin as a guide, and visited Milan and Venice, where he was the first to discover the beauties of Carpaccio's '*St. Ursula*' and the shrine of '*St. George of the Slaves*'. With these memories fresh in his mind, he painted the now famous little picture of '*Christ and the Merciful Knight*', which stamped its author at once as a master of original genius, whose style was entirely distinct from that of Rossetti, as well as absolutely unlike that of any contemporary artist. During the next five years, a succession of lovely drawings from his hand, all remarkable for the same tender poetry and rich coloring, were exhibited in the Pall Mall Gallery. But in 1870 some members of the society chose to take exception to a drawing of '*Phyllis and Demophön*', a legend of the blossoming of the almond-tree, which Burne-Jones had sent to the annual exhibition, and there-

upon the painter immediately withdrew the picture and resigned his associateship.

From that time Burne-Jones ceased to exhibit, and during the following seven years his work appeared only once in a London picture-gallery; and with this single exception, the painter's works at this period were seen only by a few intimate friends and art-lovers. Thus it was that when the Grosvenor Gallery was opened in 1877 the exhibition of his pictures there came as a surprise. There were still plenty of critics who assailed Burne-Jones's works with scorn and ridicule; some authorities saw grave symptoms of decadence in his art, others took objection to the subjects represented, and the scoffers were ready to join in *Punch's* witticisms of "Burn Jones!" and "Here be lunacies!" but all those who had watched the artist's career and admired the promise of his early years rejoiced to see how completely he had overcome the difficulties in his way, while the most hostile critics were compelled to own him to be a painter of rare distinction and originality.

But pictures in oil or water-color formed only a small part of Burne-Jones's work. His unrivalled gift for decorative design and his inexhaustible imagination found expression in countless forms. Early in his career he had begun to design stained-glass windows, and the remarkable success that attended his efforts in this direction was one of the causes which led to the foundation of the celebrated firm of Morris and Co., under the management of William Morris (the "poet-upholsterer," as he has been called). Of this firm Burne-Jones was for many years a partner, and he always remained closely associated with Morris's different undertakings. To the joint efforts of the two men the complete revolution which has taken place in decorative art during the last thirty years is to be ascribed. Burne-Jones's inventive brain and unwearying hand found time to supply Morris's workmen not only with cartoons for stained glass, but with designs for tapestry and needlework, for tiles and bas-reliefs. He himself worked both in gesso and metal, and painted panels for chests, cabinets, and pianos. Mosaic decoration was another branch of art to which he turned his attention in his later years; and yet another form in which he produced much excellent work was the illustration of books. Besides enriching many of Morris's volumes of prose and poetry with woodcuts and ornamental designs, he executed four complete sets of drawings which deserve to rank among his finest works. The most celebrated of these is the 'Kelmscott Chaucer,' for which he prepared eighty designs. . . .

The history of a great painter is written in his works, and not in the outward events of his career. In the case of Burne-Jones, there is little to tell. In 1860, before he was twenty-seven, he married Miss Georgiana Macdonald; and seven years afterwards settled at "The Grange" in Fulham, a house formerly belonging to the novelist Richardson, and at that time standing in green fields. It is now the centre of a busy and populous district, but still the trees grow tall round the old red-brick house, and roses and lilies bloom in front of the studio that has become the object of so many pilgrimages.

Here, in this pleasant spot, the great painter welcomed the friends who were attracted by the singular fascination of his personality. As Mr. Watts has said with perfect truth: "His extraordinary sweetness and amiability caused him to be not merely liked, but deeply loved, by all those who were intimate with him."

Burne-Jones lived long enough to come into his own; and little as he himself cared for wealth or fame, all his friends rejoiced when the long-delayed recognition came and his genius met with its deserved reward. In 1881 he received an honorary degree at Oxford and an honorary Fellowship at his old college; the next year he was asked to represent England at the International Exhibition in Paris. In 1890 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and two years later was elected a Corresponding Member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and was invited to execute a work for the Luxembourg. In 1888 the Old Water-Color Society re-elected him as a member; and although he had never sent any of his pictures to Burlington House, he was chosen an associate of the Royal Academy in 1883. He acknowledged the compliment by sending his oil-painting, 'The Depths of the Sea' to the yearly exhibition. The work was greatly and deservedly admired, and much surprise was felt that its painter was never advanced to the full honor of Royal Academician. But when, in 1894, the Queen conferred a baronetcy upon Burne-Jones the reproach of having as a nation failed to appreciate one of its most distinguished men was in some measure removed.

Physically, Burne-Jones was never a strong man, and soon after his marriage a dangerous illness brought him to the brink of death. In 1892 he was again seriously ill. Repeated fits of influenza weakened him, but still he worked on with increasing ardor, and always refused to take a holiday. He was actually at work on his great picture of 'The Sleep of King Arthur in Avalon' until a few hours before his death; and when the fatal attack came he had no strength to resist the shock. He died on June 17, 1898.

The Art of Burne-Jones

"I MEAN by a picture, a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember,—only desire."—FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY BURNE-JONES TO A FRIEND.

GEORGE B. ROSE

"CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PAINTING"

BURNE-JONES, perhaps the most perfect of English painters, was Rossetti's pupil; but great as was his debt to Rossetti, his indebtedness to Mantegna and to Botticelli, particularly the latter, was even greater. All the subtle grace, all the morbid delicacy and haunting charm of the Floren-

tine, reappear in his works, with the same mediæval types often applied to similar classical subjects. His art is not strong, it is not healthy, it is not robust; but it has a charm that no man can forget. His tall, slender figures, with their hollow cheeks, high cheek-bones, noses inclining to turn up, large mouths and projecting chins, are not beautiful according to the Grecian standard. They are strange, delicate, sensitive plants born in the shadow of some mediæval cloister, upon whose pallid forms the clear sun of Hellas has never shone; but they have all the intense spirituality of those sad mediæval days when men's souls consumed their bodies with the ardor of their aspirations.

Rarely has a painter been so thoroughly an idealist. There are people who seek in a picture a repetition of familiar scenes. Let them avoid his works. There are others who seek in it a refuge from our workaday world, a land of beautiful dreams such as haunt the poet's slumbers; and such will find in him a joy that knows no end. He will not transport them to the radiant shores of Hellas; he will not show them Apollo as he strikes the lyre, or Venus rising from the sea; he will conduct them to the enchanted land where dwell the eaters of the lotus, where the air is heavy with perfume and softest music, where the limbs are a little weary, the eyes a little heavy, and man's existence of toil and strife seems very far away. Sometimes he will touch a landscape, as in the background of 'The Mirror of Venus,' and show himself the equal of the greatest; but usually the soul of man, quivering and palpitating beneath its slight vesture of clay, is all that he cares to represent, all that he seems to see. And, like Botticelli, it is not the soul in its storms and agonies that he loves, but in that gentler melancholy so sweet that he on whose heart it has descended would not exchange it for rapturous joy, a melancholy full of vague yearning and inarticulate desires.

'BURNE-JONES: HIS ETHICS AND ART'

EDINBURGH REVIEW: 1899

THE pictures of Burne-Jones possess an interest wholly apart from the region of technical art criticism. Idealistic, imaginative, with the imagination of fancy rather than of thought, emotional, and in sentiment deliberately retrograde, their popularity is one of those incongruous caprices of an age and nation essentially unidealistic, unimaginative, unemotional, and assertively progressive. They have concentrated the expression of imaginative emotion to an extent which has invested them with an almost unique distinction—a distinction independent to a certain degree of their excellence or imperfection as works of art, and one calculated to arouse, in more or less evenly balanced proportion, the sympathy or hostility of picture-lovers. It is imaginative emotion emphasized to its extreme limit of which Burne-Jones has elected to make himself the exponent. Nor is this all; for, based upon this emotional value, his pictures betray an attitude towards life at large which, in so far as the art of painting has concerned itself with life, has never before found a more consistent interpretation.

However widely Burne-Jones has ranged in his choice of subjects, whether it be from Solomon's Song or a 'Laus Veneris,' in each and all alike we are conscious of the same strongly marked imaginative atmosphere, where emotion dominates both thought and action, and where deeds are but the accessories of life. It is in that undefinable gift by which he has created this atmosphere, by the skill with which he has applied the medium of the painter's art to communicate emotional temperament to his pictures, that Burne-Jones is, what a French critic has called him, "the greatest master among contemporary English painters." Whether this emotion is evoked through the sense of color,—the sense which perhaps, after music, excites the bare nerves of emotion more acutely than any other stimulant,—or whether it is awakened by form and outline, is a matter of altogether minor importance to the general spectator. What does concern him is the *kind* of emotion appealed to, and undoubtedly called forth by the things here represented, by the manner of their representation, by the aspect of life they embody, and by the nature of the sympathies and affinities they call forth.

Nowhere is the creed of the optimist inscribed by the painter's hand. Life here may be described as a *tableau mourant*. The very forms and colors of physical beauty which we pre-eminently associate with his men and women convey a dim suggestion that the human body is a too fragile and pliant envelopment for the hopes and fears, the impulses and desires, of its indwelling soul. His world is a world where physical vitalities wax faint and the laggard pulses beat slowly; where a film of lassitude, the languor of outworn fever, overpowers the natural vigors and energies of health, blunts sensation, and enervates will; where even passion—lord paramount of life—is heard only as a spent wave receding from a sleeping shore. It is the lethargy of the lotus-eater, a drowsy land of muted strings. Although the sun is in its heaven, it remains a twilight world; nor are we made wise to know if it be a twilight that precedes a sunset or a dawn. Stillness is everywhere. The waters of pools margined with iris and reed, of fountain basins and marble-rimmed wells, beside which columbines grow tall with the slender erectness of their stalks and the bent grace of their blossoms, show images upon their polished surfaces where the outline of reflection is as unbroken by ripple or current as the outline of that which is reflected.

And over and above this continual reiterated indication of stillness there is more often than not the sense of an insistent silence. It pervades, penetrates, and oppresses us; it is the silence of a world grown voiceless. True, we see the singing girls of the 'Laus Veneris,' the girls with instruments of music of 'The Golden Stairs,' and the organ notes of 'Le Chant d'Amour,' and here and there in some slow-footed company of lingering women two or three may turn their heads to speak. Yet for the most part it is not so; or if it chance that we do indeed catch some echo of sound, it is but of hushed whisperings. As it is not the flowing currents of mountain rivers or wave-ruffled seas, but the well and water-pool, smooth as shields of steel, that it best pleases the painter to portray, so it is the suspense of speech, the pause of music, the arrest of passing footsteps, his pictures commonly de-

lineate. In them one might say life is conceived as a sort of listening to silences . . .

In such regions, in this atmosphere of dumbness and stillness, youth has lost its gaiety. His world is a world without gladness. Most notably, indeed, are the faces of Burne-Jones's women impressed with an ineradicable and plaintive sadness. For them the causeless gaiety of youth's prerogative has passed beyond the octave of life. And though the attributes of childhood linger with them, it is with the blemished delicacy of those impoverished city childhoods with whose aspect the eyes that watch are becoming increasingly familiar: childhoods defrauded of their playtime, tainted at the fountain-head with the moral and physical unhealth of instincts prematurely developed, which having, from influences without or imaginations within, fore stalled the emotions of later womanhood, remain with their buoyancy, their grace, their freshness, impaired beyond all remedy. As such children they grieve without sorrows and are weary without labors. Time for them is but a yesterday or a to-morrow, felicity only a reminiscence or a hope. . . .

And as it is with the individual, so over every abstract relationship of man there broods a like cloud of melancholy. Burne-Jones's interpretation of man's attitude might best be defined in the old paraphrase of Tasso's verse: "He desires much, hopes little, demands nothing." All these factors bring before us, with a recurrence we can scarcely suppose unintentional, one persistent idea. They enforce upon us a sense of questioning without solution; of endeavor rather than achievement; of aspiration rather than of fulfilment; of desire rather than of fruition. It is life portrayed as life expectant, joy held forever in suspense, pleasure as a promise whose performance hangs in the precarious balance of untoward chance. Moreover, anticipation rarely—one might almost say never—is allowed to assume the mask of hope.

Nor is that all. Even when the image represented is that of a final climax we are but rarely led to believe that we are in very deed witnesses of the end of the story. An impalpable suggestion of purposes unconsummated pursues us, although we are face to face with what purports to be the close of the catastrophe. The prince has entered the wood, but Briar Rose still sleeps. In all things there is the same lack of finality, the same confession of incompleteness, albeit it is, without doubt, an incompleteness containing in itself the only hint mortality can give of the compass of the infinite.

There are, it may be, natures to whom causeless dejection, the "grief without a pang," is a mood unknown. There are others whose intrepid courage does battle with despondency and masks its own defeats. Others, again, accept it with passive fortitude or apathetic discontent; it is to them like sleep or pain or movement,—mere condition of life; or, it may be, life's supplement. This last is eminently the tone of thought expressed in these pictures. It is the gentle fatalism of the French playwright avowing that all must weep, with this much of free-will alone allowed, that we may choose our tears. Burne-Jones has left to others the delineation of the strength which combats sorrow, which depicts life as an ascension—the ascension of the rocks. To others likewise has he left the embodiment of the soldier

spirit of the world. The chivalrous or devout hardihood of the very mediæval romances he has so frequently dwelt upon fails in expression throughout his works, and everywhere we lack the seal of those corresponding spiritual valor which dominate griefs and hold sadness at bay.

Yet to each his own mission; and few of us would be bold to say that Burne-Jones has chosen his special vocation amiss. The sordid miseries, the mire-besprinkled, inglorious woes of the streets of great cities, the evil unloveliness of grotesque deformities, the dreary declensions of civilized human nature,—repulsive images which, if we hold them for true art or false, equally sicken and repel,—these have found no place upon his canvases. He is resolute so far as it lies with him, so far as his hand may fashion its images, that the world shall be invariably fair to look upon. If it has not been the heroic qualities of life he has seen well to exemplify, he has drawn with a supreme genius its gentleness, its compassions, its grace and courtesies, its tenderness, and its reverence.

Thus it is that the study of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's paintings, howsoever the theme be varied, leads us back perpetually to the same note, to the same quality of imagination, to the same emotional phase of thought and feeling. Over life, over love, over earth itself, over the aspirations, the quests, the relationships of humanity, over the emblematic images of man's faiths and hopes, the same mournful spirit incessantly broods, overshadowing all things. And in this accentuation of sadness lies a necessary limitation to the compass of his art. Yet if this limitation is his loss, it is also his gain. In the very monotony of this emotional atmosphere we decipher an evidence of its sincerity; and, indisputably, if few great artists have wandered farther, both in intention and fact, from the presentation of the truth of the broad and multitudinous actualities of the world around them, few have diverged less from the representation of truth to their own individual imaginative vision.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT

'LIFE AND WORK OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES'

IN an age when the scientific spirit has penetrated into every department of life, when skilful execution and experimental research supply the lack of ideas and atone for poverty of invention among our painters, Burne-Jones, almost alone among his peers, has revealed an imaginative faculty of the rarest description. In a period which is essentially prosaic, when realism has invaded both art and fiction, and material prosperity seems to be the aim and end of all endeavor, he has remained a poet and an idealist. In days when reverence has died out and no mystery is held sacred, the sense of wonder (that sense for which a recent writer tells us no word has yet been found in the French language) is never absent from his creations. Again, his methods of painting are as far removed from those in fashion at the present time as his conceptions. He was not content to produce an effect by tricks of light and shade or the clever arrangement of dots and patches of color, but sought with strenuous endeavor to attain beauty of line and grace of form in every can-

vas that he painted. His pictures were no hasty impressions thrown off in the course of a few hours. They were carefully thought-out works which cost him weeks and months of incessant labor, for which innumerable studies were made, and which were allowed to remain in his studio for ten, fifteen, and even twenty years. As far as possible he stood apart from the rush and hurry of modern life, and still believed, in the words of his friend Browning, that "work done least rapidly art most cherishes."

His subjects are never taken from modern life. The actual had no attractions for him. The life of the day, which appeals so powerfully to some of us, had nothing to say to him. From the dullness and ugliness of the present he turned with all the passionate ardor of his being to the forgotten past, and there, in the myths and fairy-tales of the Old World, he found the food after which his soul hungered. There his love of beauty was satisfied, his imagination found itself at home. His fancy ranged freely over the whole realm of romance. His ideas clothed themselves naturally in classic or chivalric garb.

A deep inborn sympathy naturally drew him to the old masters. The primitive altar-pieces of Byzantine painters and the more learned art of Mantegna or Leonardo, the tender charm of Renaissance sculptors, and the quaint fancies of Florentine engravers were alike eloquent for him. He caught wondrous secrets of color from the mosaics of Ravenna, and realized the mysterious charm of Botticelli's Virgins. From the first he felt instinctively the close community of thought and spirit which bound him to these old masters, and recognized in them his own kith and kin. But to imagine, as some have done, that he tried to revive the art of the past, or to imitate the work of either Tuscan or Venetian painter, is a complete mistake. There is no affectation of this kind in the work of our nineteenth-century master. His art is as original as it is profound. He was enamored of beauty in all its forms, and his eyes drank in loveliness from a thousand different sources. And with that marvellous power of assimilation which belongs to genius, he absorbed all these separate elements into his being, and created a new world that was all of his own invention.

To clothe the visions of his brain in the fairest of shapes, and present his dreams to the world in a perfect and enduring form, was the aim of Burne-Jones's life. . . . He never tried to point a moral or to teach a lesson; but he rescued beauty from the forgetfulness to which it seemed doomed in a restless and material age, and in so doing has given us an example of the highest value. His whole life was one long search after loveliness, one long endeavor to lay hold of the fairest and the best. In this quest he never faltered. The appeal which he addressed to the children of his generation has been the appeal of art, and he will not have lived in vain if he has spoken to the hearts of men through beauty, "which is the other side of truth."

"SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES"

THE SPECTATOR: 1898

THE works of Burne-Jones, considered from the technical point of view, raise many interesting questions. First, let us take composition. This may be of two kinds. Either a picture may be made up of a variety of figures and other objects, which, like a mosaic, are cunningly pieced together, or else the parts may be brought into such intimate relation that the whole appears to be the result of a single act of creation. To the former class belongs the work of the painter now under study. His pictures are pieced together with the greatest skill, but they are always a mosaic. It is impossible not to feel that the given parts might have been rearranged, and still have produced a satisfactory result. The pattern of the picture is put together with enormous skill, but it has not the quality of inevitability possessed by the other class of composition alluded to.

As with composition, so it is with color. The eye travels over his canvases delighted by exquisite patches of color. The effect aimed at seems to be that of a casket of jewels. There is a way of producing a gorgeous harmony by subtly balancing colors, no one much stronger than the other, till the whole picture glows, while no portion insists on itself. This style was practised by the great colorists of Venice, such as Veronese and Titian. The chromatic impression made by their best works is not of a splendid piece of blue, red, or orange, but of a general glow of color pervading the picture. This was not the case with Burne-Jones. When he was in the humor for splendid color he applied it to his pictures in harmonious but isolated patches. When gorgeousness was not a part of his idea his sober tones became almost a monochrome.

In form lay this painter's greatest originality; he may be said to have invented a type of feminine beauty. The peculiarity of this type was the negative sadness of the faces. For some reason he seldom allowed his men and women to betray any definite emotion—a veil seems drawn between us and the people of his pictures. They hardly ever seem actuated by an overmastering and definite impulse which may be read in their faces. A mask keeps the soul from looking out. That this was intentional is proved by the two pictures which contain facial expression rendered with supreme power. There is no question as to the emotion of the mermaid in 'The Depths of the Sea,' or of that of the royal lover in 'King Cophetua.' These two pictures show that Burne-Jones cast aside facial expression for some reason of his own, and not because it was foreign to his powers.

Some draughtsmen realize a figure as a whole; view its weight, balance, and movement, its contour and modelling, as it were, simultaneously. Others realize the figure bit by bit, as it were,—build up detail upon detail till the whole is put together. Each system has its merits and drawbacks. The danger of the former plan is that figures done by it may be too formal in their suppression of detail. The danger of the other system is that the general impression is forgotten in the multiplicity of parts. For this defect there is no cure unless the artist be possessed of a very strong sense of construction. It is in this direction that Burne-Jones's figures are most open to criticism.

Conscientious to the last degree, as may be seen by the beautiful drawings he made for his pictures, irreproachable in all their parts, too often his figures fail to satisfy the eye trained to look for coherent structure. No wealth in the invention of details—and extraordinary inventive powers this artist had—can ever hide faults of construction.

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE

"ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART"

BURNE-JONES'S art grew up from the seed sown by Madox Brown, on the stem cultivated by Rossetti; but when he returned to London from his first visit to Italy he discarded all imitations and former limitations, and definitely fixed his own style. Henceforward he drew his inspiration plainly from Botticelli and Mantegna. From Botticelli he took his type of female beauty; from Mantegna he copied his elegant types of knights in armor; he went boldly to the Florentines for the secret of their grace of body. He takes their faces, and into these renascent, vigorous, almost classical faces this Northerner breathes the fatalistic, melancholy, pessimistic spirit of Byron. He entombs these Italians, made for merriment, and changes them into the gloomy companions of Merlin. His figures have the muscles of the Renascents and the gestures of the Primitives.

His knights advance with a pretty motion, but as stiffly as if they were walking on sword-points, and in fear of being contaminated by all the surrounding objects. They are weary of their strength, embarrassed by their height, and almost ashamed of their good looks. They are built up like pillars, and they sway like reeds. They might be shy young gods entering the world for the first time. Their limbs are not braced for an effort; their gestures are neither rapid nor violent. If they stretch themselves, it is wearily; if they kill a monster, it is with regret.

This impression of intense languor and graceful stiffness, of complicated, rather pessimistic psychology, Burne-Jones produced by means of the many systematic deviations from nature to which he subjects his figures. In the first place, he makes them eight and a half heads high, sometimes more, and to suit them he makes his palace-doors of extraordinary height for their breadth. Having made his figure very long, he still more exaggerates this effect by raising the hips; but, as he wishes to preserve all the suppleness of the bust, instead of making the hips project most above, he rounds and lowers their spring. In the same way he exaggerates the hips in proportion to the shoulders in his female figures, and diminishes them in his male figures.

Once his figure is blocked in, he generally throws the weight of the body on to one leg. This stiffened leg arches inwards, the whole of one side of the body leans upon it, the hip projects and tends upwards, the shoulder drops; but the other side of the body is supple and sinuous, the shoulder rises, the extended leg bends, and the knee is brought a little forward, sending the foot back. Thus designed, Burne-Jones's figures always look as if they were coming down stairs, excepting his angels, which look as if they had been hung with their feet some inches above the earth, and their bodies elongated towards it.

In spite of all the charm of detail, it cannot be ignored that Burne-Jones obtains the infinite grace of his figures only by sacrificing the great features of proportion and natural attitude. And the world in general must instinctively appreciate this, since the pictures which are considered his masterpieces ('King Cophetua,' 'Le Chant d'Amour,' 'Love among the Ruins,' for examples) are precisely those in which there is not a single figure standing upright.

There is little or no perspective. In 'The Golden Stairs' the figures at the base of this extraordinary ladder are hardly larger than those on the uppermost steps. In 'Love among the Ruins' the parallel lines of the porch diverge as they recede, instead of converging. In 'The Annunciation' the angel Gabriel is so much larger than the Virgin that the picture seems intended to be looked at upside down; but the direction of the receding lines of the portico plainly shows that the horizon line passes across the Virgin's eyes, and therefore that the foreground is below and not at the top of the picture.

His coloring, too, is chimerical, inasmuch as he gives small heed to the values of tone. His is the brilliancy of polished glass, the dull glow of shining bronze, the dead sheen of dark mirrors. But this color becomes sometimes harmonious, although it is so bright. Nothing is softer than the reflection of a rose in a cuirass, of a bare foot on a marble pavement, of drapery on a background of metal. Nothing is more restful than this look of old stained glass. Unfortunately, the workmanship is as labored as the effect is harmonious. There is no relaxation, no freedom of the brush. . . .

Burne-Jones's figures, if they are inaccurately drawn and heavily colored, are, on the other hand, admirably arranged. In composition, if that be restricted to the adjustment of lines, and to the order and motion of the outlines, there is perhaps no master of the present day who can equal him. Not that he knows how to arrange large groups of figures; in 'The Mirror of Venus' the interest is too much divided to be telling. Even 'The Golden Stairs' contains many figures which are but repetitions, and which could be withdrawn without any loss to the whole. But his smaller groups and isolated figures are marvels of composition.—FROM THE FRENCH BY H. M. POYNTER.

R. DE LA SIZERANNE

MAGAZINE OF ART: 1898

BURNE-JONES seems to have been born in the fifteenth century. All these years he has slept in the depths of some enchanted palace, preserving through his slumbers all the exquisite and primitive refinement of the Tuscan painters. His repose there sheltered him from the changes of fashion, which are the wrinkles of age to art, as revolutions leave wrinkles on society, and years leave them on the faces of princesses who do not sleep. He was sleeping when Poussin painted his Romans, when David resuscitated the classic world, when Reynolds delivered his discourses. And then he awoke in the midst of a world older by three centuries than himself. That is the secret of his originality, his bewitching charm.

The Works of Burne-Jones

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE picture of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid' was finished in 1884, and exhibited that year at the Grosvenor Gallery, London. It is in some respects the finest and most complete of all Burne-Jones's works, and in the Paris Exposition of 1889 occupied the place of honor in the English Gallery. It has recently been purchased for the nation by the Burne-Jones Memorial Fund, and now hangs in the National Gallery, pending its removal to its permanent place in the Tate Gallery, London.

The subject of the picture is taken from an old story, often alluded to by English writers, of which the earliest known version is in the form of a ballad, relating how an African king "who had to name Cophetua" loved and wooed "a beggar all in gray" whom he made his queen. In describing Burne-Jones's painting, Fernand Khnopff writes: "Before the pallid beggar-maid, still shivering in her little gray gown, sits the king, clad in brilliant black armor, who, having surrendered to her his throne of might, has taken a lower place on the steps of the dais. He holds on his knees a finely modelled crown of dark metal lighted up with the reds of rubies and coral, and his face, in clear-cut profile, is raised in silent contemplation. The scene is incredibly sumptuous; costly stuffs glisten and gleam, luxurious pillows of purple brocade shine in front of the chased gold panelling, and the polished metal reflects the beggar-maid's exquisite feet, their ivory whiteness enhanced by contrast with the scarlet anemones that lie here and there. Two chorister boys perched above are singing softly, and in the distance, between the hanging curtains, is seen a dream, so to speak, of an autumn landscape, its tender sky already dusk. In this exquisite setting the two figures remain motionless, isolated in their absorbed reverie."

In execution this work shows Burne-Jones at his height. The elaborately wrought armor and shield of the king, for which the artist had models expressly made, and the adornments of the throne overlaid with plates of beaten gold, are examples of his marvellous technical skill and truly mediæval fondness for exquisite finish. "I love to treat my pictures," he used to say, "as a goldsmith does his jewels. I should like every inch of surface to be so fine that if all but a scrap from one of them were burned or lost, the man who found it might say: 'Whatever this may have represented, it is a work of art, beautiful in surface and quality and color.' And my greatest reward would be the knowledge that after ten years' possession the owner of any picture of mine, who had looked at it every day, had found in it some new beauty he had not seen before."

PAN AND PSYCHE

OWNED BY MRS. R. H. BENSON

THE subject of this picture is an incident in William Morris's poem 'The Story of Cupid and Psyche,' in which it is related that Psyche, a king's daughter, became the bride of Love, but losing him by her own fault, wandered through the world compelled to suffer many evils at the hands of Venus. In despair she attempted to end her sad life by leaping into a stream,—

"But the kind river even yet did deem
 "That she should live, and, with all gentle care,
 "Cast her ashore within a meadow fair
 "Upon the other side, where Shepherd Pan
 "Sat looking down upon the water wan."

This is the moment that the artist has chosen to represent. "The beauty, charm, and expressiveness here," writes Frederick Wedmore, "are beauty, charm, and expressiveness of figure as well as of face; and at the bottom of the invention that has secured these there must have been that sensitiveness of observation and insight—a thing, after all, of artistic feeling more than a thing of intellect—which we may hold to be among the most peculiar, and probably the most precious, of Burne-Jones's gifts. It is not so much keenness of perception as fineness of feeling, delicacy of imagination—a poetic sense that refines the thing it works upon."

THE DAYS OF CREATION

OWNED BY ALEXANDER HENDERSON, ESQ*

THIS work, consisting of six panels, of which the first and the last are given in our reproductions, was originally designed for a church window. In the six compartments are depicted six angels, symbolizing the six days of creation. Each angel is crowned with a plume of fire, and in the hands of each is a crystal globe reflecting an act of creation, from the ordering of chaos in the first, where a light globe and a dark globe are taking definite shapes amid mysterious light and darkness, to the newly created man and woman in the sixth. With each successive angel appear those who have presided over the acts of creation of the preceding days, so that in the last panel all six are seen together, while among the flowers at their feet is seated the angel of the seventh day, chanting the praises of the great work of creation to the music of a lyre. The manner in which the coloring of each panel is carried out so as to assist in the exposition of the motive is both delicate and ingenious. In the first it is that of a cold gray-green dawn, and in each successive compartment the note is skilfully varied and enriched, carrying out and amplifying the harmony appropriate to each day.

Kenyon Cox writes: "'The Days of Creation' shows Burne-Jones, perhaps, at his very best. The mastery of composition revealed in the constantly varying treatment of the same simple motive, the gradual crowding of the narrow panel as figure after figure is added, without the harmony of line or mass ever being disturbed, the curious invention of plaited fold and woven wings that make his angels seem like strange feathered creatures to

whom flying is more natural than walking,—all this is wonderful and inimitable. True, the graceful hands and feet are unnaturally long and slender and somewhat boneless; true, that light and shade are absent, and the figures are immersed in water rather than in air, so clear and unatmospheric is the effect; true, the sentiment is somewhat lackadaisical and sickly-sweet;—true, in a word, that this is art of a highly artificial kind, unrobust and stifling, and that one feels in it as in a hothouse filled with flowers, and longs for a breath of cooler air; but it *is* art, and art of singular power and perfection within its limits, and its qualities are precisely those lacking in the naturalistic and wholly picturesque art of to-day.”

LAUS VENERIS

OWNED BY SIR WILLIAM AGNEW

“IN 1878 was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery the wonderful ‘*Laus Veneris*,’ the design for which had been begun seventeen years before,” writes Cosmo Monkhouse. “On the right, a pale queen, weary of loveless sovereignty, sits languidly with her crown on her knees, her rich orange dress relieved against a greenish tapestry on which are depicted scenes of romantic love; to the left are seated four beautiful maidens in costumes of bright colors, solacing their mistress by reciting the praises of love; while through the window are seen knights in armor keenly seeking glimpses of the beauty within. Some spectators shook their heads at this picture; they could not understand it, they saw no ‘moral’ in it, the title of it frightened them, and there was a feeling that there must be some mysterious wickedness at the bottom of it all. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more innocently lovely. The picture still remains almost unique among Burne-Jones’s works; he has never tried to rival its brilliant patchwork of color. In ‘*The Days of Creation*’ the colors shift and play into one another, like the feathers on a dove’s neck; in ‘*Le Chant d’Amour*’ and ‘*King Cophetua*’ the colors are more richly blended and diffused, in the manner of the Venetians; but in this picture the strong, pure spaces of color in dress and cap stand detached as in stained glass, or in the earlier pictures of the Italian school.”

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

OWNED BY LORD BATTERSEA

THIS picture was designed in 1872, actually begun in 1876, and finished in 1880. It was originally named ‘*The King’s Wedding*,’ then ‘*Music on the Stairs*,’ and finally became known by its present title. A study in whites, it is, says Mr. Monkhouse “almost as sweet and delicate in color as a lily;” but the composition is perhaps overcrowded. Though it cannot rank among his greatest achievements, ‘*The Golden Stairs*’ is probably the most widely known and generally popular of all Burne-Jones’s pictures.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

OWNED BY MRS. R. H. BENSON

THE original picture on this subject, which Burne-Jones took, with its title, from Browning’s poem, was a water-color, first exhibited in 1873. This water-color was, however, ruined by a photographer who flooded the

surface with white-of-egg that the tones might stand out more brilliantly in his negative. In 1893 the painter executed a replica of the subject in oil. It is said that the extreme touch of tenderness that had been in the water-color was not reached in the second picture; but, nevertheless, it is rightly considered as one of Burne-Jones's most impressive and beautiful works.

The two lovers sit amid the ruins of a fallen city which nature has overspread with flowers and entwined arches of rose-starred briars. The maiden, clad in a brilliant robe of sapphire blue, clings to her lover, and in her face is written the evidence of those haunting thoughts that rise in the presence of the desolate remains of what was once so "great and gay a city,"

"Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
"Long ago;"

while the youth's face, though it echoes her emotion, is strong with the poet's conviction that, after all,

"With their triumphs and their glories and the rest,
"Love is best!"

THE PRIORESS' TALE

OWNED BY LADY COLVILE

THIS subject, from his favorite Chaucer, occupied Burne-Jones from almost the first to the very last of his career. As early as 1858 he painted the incident on the panel of a cabinet for his friend William Morris, and the last finished work which left his easel, in 1898, was this picture of the same design, on which he had been at work at intervals for nearly thirty years.

The quaint and pathetic story, as told by Chaucer's Prioress in the 'Canterbury Tales,' relates how a little boy, who was wont "merily" to chant the hymn "O, Alma Redemptoris" in praise of the Virgin as he went to and from school each day, once chanced to take his road through the Jewish quarter of the city. The Jews, fancying that his innocent song was intended as an insult to their faith, waylaid the child, slew him, and cast his body into a pit. But lo, from the pit the dead child again

"'O, Alma Redemptoris' 'gan to singe
"So loude that al the place 'gan to ringe.'"

The Christians of the city, hearing the song, discovered the little body, and bore it away for burial; but from the bier the child's voice was again raised in the hymn of praise. Then said the pious abbot, "Tell me, I entreat thee, dear child, why thou singest thus, for to my seeming thy throat is cut." And the child spoke, and answered that, as he was dying, the Virgin had appeared to him and laid a miraculous grain upon his tongue, and told him that so long as the grain remained there he would be enabled to sing and speak; but that when it should be removed she would come to fetch him, and that he was to have no fear. Thereupon the priest removed the grain, and the little child

"'Gaf up the ghost ful softly.'"

The painter has represented the moment when the Virgin is placing the grain in the child's mouth, and he is rising to receive it. In the background is a scene in the town, where, after the naïve fashion of the early painters, Burne-Jones has represented the child being murdered on the right, and the scholars entering school on the left. The color scheme is bright with blue, rose, orange, and gray.

THE MIRROR OF VENUS

OWNED BY C. SIDNEY GOLDMANN, ESQ*

OF the large picture 'The Mirror of Venus' painted in 1873-77, Julia Cartwright says: "It is one of those dreams of pure beauty with which the painter loves to delight his soul, after the manner of the old Florentine and Venetian masters. Venus and a group of nine maidens are seen in a green valley, 'lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills,' under a blue sky, kneeling and bending in different attitudes round a clear pool which reflects their flower-like faces and rainbow-colored robes in its crystal waters. Venus herself, the tallest and the fairest of the group, stands erect among her maids, in an azure robe, with a myrtle bush at her side, and behind the rolling uplands frame in a stretch of yellow sands and of blue sea. Every shadow on the distant hills, each petal in the water-lilies and forget-me-nots of the pool, is painted with exquisite delicacy. It is a picture which lifts us for a little while out of this workaday world, and takes us back to Arcady."

LE CHANT D'AMOUR

OWNED BY T. H. ISMAY, ESQ*

BURNE-JONES painted this subject twice. The first picture, a water-color (now owned in the United States), was begun in 1865, and differs in some details from the present larger oil-painting, which was finished in 1877, though it had been begun some years earlier.

"Although it contains only three figures," writes M. De la Sizeranne, "'Le Chant d'Amour' is perhaps Burne-Jones's masterpiece in point of composition. A girl kneels in the centre of a flowery lawn, playing on one of those little organs such as are played by angels in the pictures of the Primitives. A knight in armor, seated on the ground, is listening. On the other side a young shepherd, who is Love, half nude and crowned with leaves, is gently blowing the bellows of the organ. In the foreground are flowers; in the background, a group of houses or a castle court. No story, nothing to be guessed, but everything to be felt. The story here is the life of two hearts and a little air stirred by the waves of sound. The interest, according to Ruskin's precept, lies in the life of these beings, not in what is going to happen to them. There is no movement except that of Love the blower,—a gentle motion, continuous and easy as in a dream. From whatever point the composition is regarded, the lines attract the eye to the centre, to the

face of the musician, to her parted lips, and we listen to the inaudible melody of the Song of Love,

‘Triste ou gai, tour à tour,’

the harmony of which seems to pervade all the forms and details of the vision.”

THE ANNUNCIATION

OWNED BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE

“THE picture on which Burne-Jones’s claims as a worker in the domain of sacred art chiefly rest,” writes Claude Phillips, “is ‘The Annunciation.’ It is a large upright canvas, showing the house and garden of Mary. She is seen standing near a well, to which she has come to draw water. To her appears Gabriel, the angel of the annunciation, floating effortless in the air above a bay-tree of fine conventionalized design, with hands uplifted and long draperies of sweeping perpendicular folds—suggesting less the Florentines and Mantegna than Byzantine influences and the strange figures seen in the porches of Chartres and Angers. A subtle, penetrating, unfamiliar charm the picture unquestionably has, due, it may be, in part to the loving care and thoroughness displayed in the workmanship, in part to the very strangeness and external peculiarities of the design.”

Sidney Colvin says: “This is one of the canvases in which the painter has laid aside the early brilliancy of his palette, and working almost in monochrome, has trusted to quality of color rather than to its splendor or variety, and not to color at all so much as to design. The picture, notwithstanding its sober tones, must rank, I think, as the most complete which the artist has produced. His peculiar originality and fervor of imagination, his high sense of beauty in design, and his untiring elaboration and richness of workmanship are nowhere better exemplified. This pale and slender white-robed Virgin, aware with awe of some thrilling visitation descending upon her, this beautiful angel dropping quietly down beside the boughs, with folded wings and unparted feet, are presences which no one who has once looked on them can ever forget.”

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF BURNE-JONES’S PAINTINGS IN OIL AND
WATER-COLOR

[In compiling this list the dates given by Mr. Malcolm Bell, in his ‘Sir Edward Burne-Jones; a Record and a Review’ (London, 1899), have been followed. The letter *o* following the name of a picture denotes that it is in oil; the letter *w*, that it is in water-color. The double dates indicate the years of beginning and completion of a subject.]

1858, Prioress’ Tale (cabinet), *o*—1859–61, Annunciation, *w*; Belle et Blonde et Colorée, *w*; Sidonia von Bork, *w*; Clara von Bork, *w*—1861, Summer Snow, *w*; Triptych, *o*; Triptych (altered replica), *o*; Cupid’s Forge, *w*; Blind Love, *w*; Clerk Saunders, *w*; King René’s Honeymoon, *w*; Castle of Heavy Sorrow (unfinished), *w*; Enchantments of Nimue, *w*—1861–62, Viridis of Milan, *w*; Theseus and Ariadne, *w*; Girl and Gold-fish, *w*; Chess-players, *w*—1861–78, Laus Veneris, *w*—1862, Tristram and Yseult, *w*; Madness of Tristram, *w*; Rosamond, *w*; Eleanor and Rosamond, *w*; Fatima, *w*; Fatima

(small replica), *w*; If Hope Were Not, Heart Would Break, *w*—1862-63, Morgan le Fay, *w*—1863, Merciful Knight, *w*; Annunciation, *w*; Nativity, *w*; Cinderella, *w*; St. Valentine's Day, *w*; Triptych, *w*; Green Summer, *w*—1863-69, Wine of Circe, *w*—1864, Man and Maiden, *w*; Maiden, *w*—1865, Astrologia, *w*; Knight and Lady, *w*; Le Chant d'Amour, *w*; Chaucer's Dream, *w*; Zephyrus and Psyche, *w*; Cupid and Psyche, *w*—1865-66, The Lament, *w*; St. George and the Dragon (7), *o*—1866, St. Theophilus and the Angel, *w*—1867, The Garland (unfinished), *w*; Cupid and Psyche, *w*—1867-77, Mirror of Venus (small), *o*—1868, St. Theophilus and the Angel (replica), *w*; Green Summer, *o*—1868-77, Le Chant d'Amour (large), *o* (Plate IX)—1868-84, Flora, *o*—1869, Hymen, *o*; Spring, *w*; Autumn, *w*; Annunciation, *w*—1869-77, Hesperides, *w*—1869-79, Pygmalion and the Image (4), *o*—1869-98, Prioress' Tale, *o* (Plate VII)—1870, Phyllis and Demophoön, *w*; Vesper, *w*; Night, *w*; Beatrice, *w*; Love Disguised as Reason, *w*; Charity, *w*; The King's Wedding, *w*—1870-73, Love among the Ruins, *w*; Hesperides, *w*—1870-82, The Mill, *o*—1870-83, The Hours, *o*—1871, Fortune, *w*; Fame, *w*; Oblivion, *w*; Love, *w*; Pygmalion (The Heart Desires), *w*; Summer, *w*; Day, *w*; Winter, *w*; Night, *w*; Girl with an Organ, *w*; Circles of Singing Children (2), *w*; Venus Epithalamia, *w*; Dorigen, *w*; Chaucer's Dream (altered copy), *w*; Sleeping Beauty, *w*—1871-72, Cupid and Psyche (replica), *o*—1871-73, Briar Rose (3 small), *o*—1871-83, Pygmalion (4 small), *o*—1872, Fides, *w*; Vesper (altered copy), *o*; Sleeping Girls, *w*; Man Playing Organ, *o*; Danaë and the Brazen Tower (small), *o*—1872-73, Temperantia, *w*—1872-74, Pan and Psyche, *o* (Plate II)—1872-75, Luna, *o*—1872-76, Days of Creation, *w* (Plate III); Pyramus and Thisbe, *w*—1872-77, Spes, *w*; Beguiling of Merlin, *o*—1872-81, The Feast of Peleus, *o*—1872-85, Fortune (small), *o*—1873, Sibylla Cumana, *w*—1873-77, Mirror of Venus (large), *o* (Plate VIII); Saint George, *o*—1873-78, Laus Veneris, *o* (Plate IV)—1873-88, Bath of Venus, *w*—1873-95, Briar Rose (4th of the series), *o*—1874, Sibyl, *o*; Annunciation, *o*—1875, Hymenaeus, *o*; Fortune (small replica), *w*—1875-76, Two Girls with Viol and Music, *o*; Hero, *o*—1875-93, Pilgrim at the Gate of Idleness, *o*—1875-95, Wedding of Psyche, *o*—1876, Danaë, *o*—1876-79, Annunciation, *o* (Plate X)—1876-80, Golden Stairs, *o* (Plate V)—1876-87, Annunciation (design), *w*—1877, Sibylla Tiburtina, *w*—1877-97, Pilgrim of Love, *o*—1877-83, Wheel of Fortune (large), *o*—1879, Portrait of the Misses Graham, *o*—1879-80, Wood-nymph, *o*—1880, Portrait of Mr. Graham, *o*; Cupid's Hunting-fields, *o*; Dies Domini, *w*; Sea-nymph, *o*—1880-84, King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, *o* (Plate I)—1881, Portrait of Mr. Benson, *o*; Portrait of Lady Frances Balfour, *o*; Portrait of Miss Gertrude Lewis, *o*; Angels (3), *o*; Angels (3 larger replicas), *w*—1881-82, Tree of Forgiveness, *o*—1882, Earth, *o*; Perseus and the Graia (small), *o*—1883, Portrait of Philip Comyns Carr, *o*; King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid (cartoon), *w*; Hope, *w*; Girl on the Downs, *w*—1883-86, Morning of the Resurrection, *o*—1883-93, Perseus and the Graia, *o*—1884, Portrait of Miss Fitzgerald, *o*—1884-87, The Baleful Head, *o*—1884-88, Rock of Doom, *o*; The Doom's Fulfilment, *o*—1884-90, Briar Wood, *o*—1885-86, Portrait of the Painter's Daughter, *o*—1885-90, Rose Bower, *o*—1886, Depths of the Sea, *o*; Flamma Vestalis, *o*—1886-87, Garden of Pan, *o*; Portrait of Miss Norton, *o*; Portrait of Miss K. Lewis, *o*—1886-93, St. George, *o*—1887, The Depths of the Sea (replica), *w*; Angel, *o*—1887-90, The Garden Court, *o*—1888, King and Shepherd, *o*; Nativity, *o*; Danaë and the Brazen Tower, *o*—1888-90, Council Room, *o*—1888-91, Star of Bethlehem, *w*—1889-93, Heart of the Rose, *o*—1891, Sponsa di Libano, *w*—1893, Portrait of Miss Gaskell, *o*; Love among the Ruins, *o* (Plate VI); Vespertina Quies, *o*; Chapel of the San Graal, *w*—1894, Fall of Lucifer, *o*; Portrait of Miss Dorothy Drew, *o*—1896, Aurora, *o*; Dream of Sir Launcelot, *o*.